

64th SEASON.

618th CONCERT.

Handel and Haydn Society



BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
SUNDAY EVENING,

FEBRUARY 9, 1879,

AT 7.30.

MENDELSSOHN'S

HYMN OF PRAISE

AND OTHER WORKS.

Principal Vocalists:

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, SOPRANO.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY, CONTRALTO.

MR. CHARLES R. ADAMS, TENOR.

Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

B. J. LANG, Organist.

APRIL 11, 1879 (Good Friday). — Bach's *PASSION MUSIC*, according to *Saint Matthew*.
Solos by Miss EDITH ABELL, Mrs. H. E. SAWYER, Mr. W. COURTNEY, Mr. J. F. WINCH,
Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.

APRIL 13, 1879 (Easter Sunday). — Handel's *JUDAS MACCABÆUS*.

Season Tickets for above concerts at Three Dollars each, and Single Tickets, now ready.

PROGRAMME.

CHORALE. *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott* MARTIN LUTHER.

Instrumentation by Otto Nicolai. Op. 31.

God is a castle and defence

When troubles and distress invade.

He'll help and free us from offence,

And ever shield us with His aid.

Our ancient enemy earnest is in mind.

His strength he now prepares

With might and subtlety.

On earth is none so strong as He.

REDEMPTION HYMN J. C. D. PARKER.

CONTRALTO SOLO AND CHORUS.

[Third time. Words on opposite page.]

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT. HECTOR BERLIOZ.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

[First time. Words on opposite page.]

SANCTUS CHARLES GOUNOD.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

[From *Saint-Cecilia Mass.* Produced at Saint Eustache, Paris, in 1849. First time.]

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus Dominus!

Sanctus, sanctus, Deus Sabaoth!

Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria Tua.

Hosanna, Hosanna in excelsis! Amen.

Holy, holy, holy Lord!

Holy, holy God of Sabaoth!

Heaven and earth are fully of Thy glory.

Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest! Amen.

INTERMISSION.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

[Thirteenth time. Words on fourth page.]

REDEMPTION HYMN.

Contralto Solo and Chorus. Composed by J. C. D. Parker. Produced by Handel and Haydn Society, May 17, 1877.

CHORUS. Awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord! Awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord!

SOLO. CHORUS. Art thou not it that hath dried the sea the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away. — *Isaiah li, 9, 10, 11.*

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Second Part of THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST, Sacred Trilogy, words and music by Hector Berlioz. Op. 25. Produced at the Salle Herz, Paris, December 12, 1854, under the composer's direction. English text by Henry F. Chorley.

OVERTURE. — *The Shepherds assemble at the Stable in Bethlehem.*

CHORUS. — *The Farewell of the Shepherds to the Holy Family.*

Born among us in the manger,
The child must leave his dwelling-place,
In the hour of dread and danger,
His father's pride, his mother's grace, —
Grow in beauty! grow in duty!
Parent of a glorious race!

Kings from far our Babe did cherish,
But now already cometh change,
By a king ordained to perish,
The child must seek a shelter strange: —
Ne'er forget us! aye regret us!
Wheresoe'er thy feet may range.

May Almighty mercy lead you,
From home of peace, alas! exiled, —
May the Holy Shepherd feed you,
Where'er ye go, in wood or wild;
Nothing harm you, naught alarm you,
Faithful pair, and blessed child!

TENOR SOLO. (The Narrator.) — *The Repose of the Holy Family.*

So through the desert forth they went,
Till, behold! they came to a meadow
Where palm-trees o'er the herbage bent,
And o'er a fountain in the shadow.
Then said Joseph, "Let us alight
By this pleasant well of flowing water,
Safe from the eye of slaughter,
Rest we to-night."

The child he slumbered, —
And then Mary, his mother,
'Lighted adown, and answering, said,
"Behold a shady bower!
Lo! the bed of lily flower,
For my Son, by our Father
In the wilderness spread."
Then beside the well reposing,
While evening shades around were closing,
(Jesus upon his mother's breast,)
Did the weary three
For a while take their rest;
And o'er them, from many a star,
Came the angels of Heaven to adore and
to see,
Keeping watch afar
Upon bended knee.

CHORUS. — *The voices of unseen Angels.*
Alleluia! Alleluia!

A HYMN OF PRAISE.

Symphony — Cantata. Words from the Scriptures. F Mendelssohn. Op. 52. Produced at Saint Thomas's Church, Leipzig, under the composer's direction, June 25, 1840, — the fourth centennial celebration of the Invention of Printing. First performance by Handel and Haydn Society, April 10, 1858.

Inscribed at head of full score:—I would that all the arts, Music especially, were in the service of Him who created and gave them. — *Martin Luther.*

SYMPHONY. *Maestoso con moto.* — *Allegro.* — *Allegretto agitato.* — *Adagio religioso.*

CHORUS. All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord. Hallelujah! Praise the Lord with lute and harp, in joyful song extol Him, and let all flesh magnify His might and His glory.

SOLO. *Soprano.* CHORUS. *Sopranos. Altos.* Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and my inmost soul praise His great loving kindness. Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and forget thou not all His benefits.

RECITATIVE AND AIR. *Tenor* Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord; redeemed from the hand of the foe, from your distresses, from deep affliction; who sat in the shadow of death and darkness. All ye that cry in trouble unto the Lord, sing ye praise! Give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need. He comforts the bereaved with His regard. Sing ye praise! give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

CHORUS. All ye that cried unto the Lord in distress and deep affliction, He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.

DUET. *Soprano. Alto.* CHORUS. I waited for the Lord; He inclined unto me; He heard my complaint. Oh, blessed are they that hope and trust in the Lord.

AIR AND RECITATIVE. *Tenor.* The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and Hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness. But said the Lord, "Come, arise from the dead, and awake, thou that sleepest, I bring thee salvation"

He called through the darkness, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" The watchman only said, "Though the morning will come, the night will come also." Ask ye, inquire ye; ask if ye will, inquire ye; return again; ask, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?"

SOLO. *Soprano.* The night is departing.

CHORUS. The night is departing, the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The day is approaching, the night is departing.

CHORALE.

Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending;
On His most Holy Word,
Redeemed from woe, depending.

He gracious is and just;
From childhood us doth lead;
On Him we place our trust
And hope in time of need.

Glory and praise to God,
The Father, Son be given,
And to the Holy Ghost,
On high enthroned in Heaven.

Praise to the Three-One God!
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day;
Praise Him with grateful song.

DUET. *Soprano. Tenor.* My song shall be alway Thy mercy, singing Thy praise, Thou only God, my tongue ever speak the goodness Thou hast done unto me. I wander in night and foulest darkness, and mine enemies stand threatening around; yet called I upon the name of the Lord, and He redeemed me with watchful goodness.

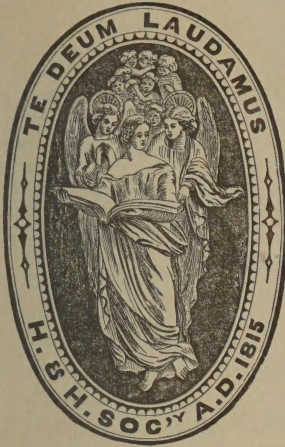
CHORUS. Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might. Ye monarchs, offer to the Lord glory and might. Thou Heaven, offer to the Lord glory and might. The whole earth, offer to the Lord glory and might. Oh, give thanks to the Lord, praise Him, all ye people, and ever praise His holy name! Sing ye the Lord, and ever praise His holy name! All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord. Hallelujah!

AFTERNOON.

64th Season.

614th Concert.

Handel and Haydn Society.



BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

GOOD FRIDAY,

APRIL 11, 1879.

FOURTH PERFORMANCE OF BACH'S

PASSION MUSIC

ACCORDING TO SAINT MATTHEW.

FIRST PART, AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

SECOND PART, AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.

Miss HENRIETTA BEEBE, Soprano.

Miss EDITH ABELL, Mezzo Soprano.

Mr. W. COURTNEY, Tenor.

Mr. JOHN F. WINCH, Baritone.

Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY, Bass.

Mr. EDOUARD REMENYI, Solo and Leading Violinist.

CHOIR OF BOYS FROM THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

Trained by Mr. JOSEPH B. SHARLAND.

Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor.

Mr. B. J. LANG, Organist.

April 13 (Easter Sunday). Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. Solos by Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Miss EDITH ABELL, Mr. W. COURTNEY, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY.

Friday, May 2. Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Complimentary Benefit of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, in commemoration of the completion of his twenty-fifth year as director of the Handel and Haydn Society.

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

BORN AT EISENACH, MARCH 21, 1685.

DIED AT LEIPSIK, JULY 28, 1750.

PASSION MUSIC,

ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL OF ST. MATTHEW, CHAPTERS XXVI—XXVII.

Produced at the Thomas-Kirche, Leipsic, Good Friday, 1729. Revived by Mendelssohn, and performed under his direction at Berlin, March 12, 1829; and at the Thomas-Kirche, Leipsic, Palm Sunday, 1841. Portions sung by Handel and Haydn Society, May 13, 1871; May 8, 1874; April 9, 1876. The occasion for which this programme is prepared will be the first complete presentation of the work in America. Orchestral accompaniments adapted to modern instruments by Robert Franz. English text by Mr. John S. Dwight.

It is earnestly requested that the audience refrain from applause.

PERSONAGES:

JESUS BASS.
EVANGELIST TENOR.
ZION TENOR.

PETER BASS.
JUDAS BASS.
PILATE BASS.

HIGH PRIEST BASS.
TWO PRIESTS BASS.
TWO MAIDS SOPRANO.

PART FIRST.

DOUBLE CHORUS. *1st Chorus, Daughters of Zion. 2d Chorus, Believers.*

Come ye daughters, weep for anguish:
See Him: Whom? The Son of Man;
See Him: How? So like a lamb!
See it: What? His love untold.
Look: Look where? Our guilt behold.
Look on Him, betrayed and sold,
On the cruel cross to languish.

CHORAL. *Soprano Ripieno.* O Lamb of God, all blameless,

Who on the cross hung bleeding,
Thy love still interceding
For foes who mock Thee shameless,
Our sins upon thee bearing,
Else were we all despairing,—
Regard us gently, O Jesu!

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* When Jesus now had finished all these sayings he said to His disciples:
Jesus. Ye know that after two days is the passover; and the Son of Man is even now betrayed to be crucified.

CHORAL. Say, sweetest Jesus, what law Thou hast broken,

To bring on Thee the dreadful sentence spoken?
What is Thy guilt? Of what so grave transgression
Is Thy confession?

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* Then assembled together the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas; and they consulted that Jesus might be taken, and put to death. They said, however:

DOUBLE CHORUS. No, not on the feast, for fear there may be an uproar among the people.

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* Now, when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came to Him a woman who had a box of precious ointment, and poured it on His head as He at table sat. But when His disciples saw it, they had indignation, and said:

Chorus. Wherefore wilt thou be so wasteful? For this ointment could be sold for much, and to the poor be given.

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* And Jesus, perceiving it, said unto them:

Jesus. Wherefore trouble ye the woman? It is a good work that she hath done, because the poor ye have always with you, but Me ye have not always. That she hath poured this ointment thus upon my body,—this she hath done that they may bury Me. Truly I say to you, Wherever this gospel shall hereafter be preached in all the world, there, too, will be told in her remembrance what she hath done.

RECITATIVE. *Alto.* Thou, dear Redeemer, Thou,
If Thy disciples murmur loudly
Against this woman here,
Who fain with ointment dear
Would bury Thee devoutly,
These humble tears at least allow,
With which my weeping eyes run o'er,
Their water on Thy head to pour.

ARIA. *Alto.* Grief and pain
Wring the guilty heart in twain.
Fall, ye drops, fall faster, faster,
Freely from mine eyes like rain,
Grateful balm to my dear Master;
To my Jesus dear, my Master.

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. Then one of the twelve disciples, whose name was Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said:

Judas. Now what will ye give me if I to you betray Him?

Evangelist. And they offered him thirty silver pieces. And from that time sought he opportunity that he might betray Him.

ARIA. Soprano. Only bleed, thou dearest Heart!
Ah! a child of Thine upbringing,
To Thy breast for nurture clinging,
Coiling there, the snake accursed
Stings where it was fondly nursed.

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. Now on the first day of the unleavened bread, came the disciples to Jesus, and said unto Him:

Chorus. Where wilt Thou that we now prepare for Thee to eat the passover?

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. He said:

Jesus. Go ye unto the city to such a man, and say to him: The Master saith to thee: My time is at hand; I will keep with thee the passover, with My disciples.

Evangelist. The disciples did as Jesus had appointed, and made ready there the passover. And, when evening came, He sat down at table with the twelve; and, as they ate, He told them:

Jesus. Verily I say to you: One among you here shall betray Me.

Evangelist. And they all grew very sad. And they began every one of them to say unto Him:

Chorus. Lord, is it I?

CHORAL. 'Tis I! my sins betray Thee!
Ah! foully I repay Thee,
Who died to make me whole!
Of all the wrong Thou borest,
The stripes, the crown Thou worst,
The guilt lies heavy on my soul.

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. He answered them, and said:

Jesus. He who his hand with Me in the dish now dip-peth, even he'll betray Me. The Son of Man goeth now away, as of Him it standeth written; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man shall be betrayed! Indeed, it were better, better surely for him, if he had not been born.

Evangelist. Thereto answered Judas, he that betrayed, and said:

Judas. Lord, is it I?

Evangelist. He said to him:

Jesus. Thou sayest.

Evangelist. And, as they were eating, Jesus took bread, blessed it, and brake it, and gave his disciples, and said:

Jesus. Take and eat; for this is My body.

Evangelist. And He took the cup, and offered thanks, and gave it them, and said:

Jesus. Drink ye all of it; this is My blood of the new covenant, which is poured out for many for the remission of sins. I say to you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in My Father's kingdom.

Soprano. Although my heart in tears do swim,
That we so soon must part with Him,
Yet in His testament we all rejoice.
His flesh and blood (Oh, gift how choice!)
Doth He bequeath into my hand.
As in the world He loved His own here living,
Nor could be unforgiving,
He loves them still unto the end.

ARIA. Soprano. Never will my heart refuse Thee,
Dwell in me, my Life, my All!
Evermore in Thee I'll lose me.
If for Thee the world be small,
Thou to me art more than all,
More than worlds, my Heaven, my All!

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. And when they had sung an hymn of praise together, they went out into the Mount of Olives. Then said Jesus to them:

Jesus. This very night all of you will fall away from Me. For it standeth written: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But when I am risen again, then I will go before you into Galilee.

CHORAL. Acknowledge me, my Keeper,
My Shepherd, own me Thine,
Thou Fount of Blessings, deeper
Than deepest want of mine.
Thy mouth full oft hath fed me
With milk and angel food;
Thy Spirit still hath led me
The way of heavenly good.

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. Peter answered eagerly, and said to Him:

Peter. Though all men be offended because of Thee, yet I, Lord, will be never offended.

Evangelist. Jesus said to him:

Jesus. Truly I say to thee: This very night, ere yet the cock croweth, that thou wilt three times deny Me.

Evangelist. Peter said to Him:

Peter. Though I should have to die with Thee, yet will I never deny Thee.

Evangelist. And likewise said also all the disciples.

CHORAL. I will stay here beside Thee,
Nor Thou my love disdain;
Whatever woe betide Thee,
Here steadfast I'll remain;
And when Thy heart is breaking
In death's relentless grasp,
Thee, tenderly uptaking,
Within mine arms I'll clasp.

RECITATIVE. Evangelist. Then came Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and said to the disciples:

Jesus. Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray.

Evangelist. And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and heavy. Then said Jesus to them:

Jesus. My soul is sorrowful e'en unto death. Tarry here, and watch with Me.

Zion. Oh, grief! Here throbs the racked and bleeding heart. It sinks away. How pale His countenance!

Chorus. Why must Thou suffer all these pangs of sorrow?

Zion. Before the judge He must appear,
No comfort, ah! no helper, near.

Chorus. Ah, from my sins they all their sting do borrow.

Zion. Yea, all the pains of hell assail Him,
Nor will his innocence avail Him.

Chorus. Mine, ah, Lord Jesus! mine the guilt; I own it.

Must Thou atone it?

Zion. Ah! could my love for Thee avail
Thy pain to mitigate or share it,
Or could I only help Thee bear it,
How gladly so dear a task I'd hail!

ARIA. *Zion.* I'll watch with my dear Jesu alway;

Chorus. So slumber shall our sins befall.

Zion. Death no more fear I: Christ is gone before:
His sorrows are my joy, my glory.

Chorus. And so for us their piteous story
Is bitter, yet how sweet withal!

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* And He went a little farther, and fell down upon His face, and prayed, and said:
Jesus. My Father, if possible, wilt Thou let this cup pass from me! Yet not as I will, but as Thou wilt.

Bass. The Saviour falls, before His Father kneeling;
Thereby He raiseth me and all,
From Adam's fall,
The wondrous grace of God revealing.
Prepared is He, the cup,
Though death so bitter be, to drink;
And with the sins of all the world,
That cup is filled,
Ah, loathsome sink!
For so the loving Father willed.

ARIA. *Bass.* Gladly, will I, all resigning,
Cross nor bitter cup declining,
Drink, in my Redeemer's name.
For His mouth, that with milk and honey floweth,
To the dregs
Sweeter made His cup of shame,
Tasting first what He bestoweth.

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* And He came to the disciples, and found them sleeping, and said to Peter:
Jesus. Is it so, that ye cannot watch with me one hour? Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Evangelist. He went away again, prayed and said:
Jesus. My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done.

CHORAL. Now may the will of God be done!
His will I would not alter.
His help is near to every one,
Let not our courage falter.
In all our need, our Friend indeed,
How tenderly He chideth!
To Him hold fast. He builds to last,
Who still in God confideth.

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* And again He came and found them sleeping. Indeed their eyes were full of sleep. And He left them, and He went away again, and prayed for the third time, and said again the same very words. Then came He to His disciples and said to them:

Jesus. Ah! will ye sleep and take your rest now? Lo! the hour is at hand, and the Son of Man into sinners' hands is now delivered up. So arise! let us be going. Look ye, he is here who doth betray me.

Evangelist. And while yet He spake, came Judas, who was one of the twelve disciples, and with him came a great multitude, with swords and with staves, from the chief priests and the elders of the people. Now he that betrayed Him had given them a signal beforehand, and had said: Whomever I shall kiss, 'tis He, Him seize ye. And straightway came he to Jesus and said:

Judas. All hail to Thee, O Master!

Evangelist. And kissed Him. Jesus said unto him:

Jesus. My friend, wherefore art thou come?

Evangelist. Then instantly they came, and they laid hands on Jesus, and took Him.

DUET. *Soprano. Alto.* Alas! my Jesus now is taken,
Moon and stars have in sorrow night forsaken.
He's led away. Ah! they have bound Him!
All pity banished.

Believers. Leave Him, leave Him, bind Him not!

DOUBLE CHORUS. Ye lightnings, ye thunders, in
clouds are ye vanished?
Burst open, O fierce, flaming caverns of hell, then!
Ingulf them, destroy them in wrathfullest mood!
Oh, blast the betrayer, the murderous brood!

RECITATIVE. *Evangelist.* And behold one of them, that were with Jesus, stretched his hand out, and struck a servant of the high priest, and smote off his ear. Then said Jesus to him:

Jesus. Put up thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Or thinkest thou that I cannot to My Father pray, and He will give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scripture be fulfilled, that so, so it must be?

Evangelist. In that hour said Jesus to the multitudes:

Jesus. Are ye all come out now as against a robber, with swords and with clubs to take Me? I have been daily here among you, yea, teaching in the temple, yet laid ye no hold upon me. Truly this hath all come to pass that the Scripture of the Prophets might be fulfilled.

Evangelist. Then all the disciples forsook Him, and fled.

CHORAL. O man, bewail thy sin so great,
For which, from His supernal state,
Christ came on earth to suffer.
Of Virgin mother, pure and mild,
Was born for us the Holy child;
Our ransom would He offer.
To life did He restore the dead,
He healed the sick, the hungry fed,
Until the day of anguish,
When He for us was offered up,
To drink for all the bitter cup,
Upon the cross to languish.

The performance of the second part will begin at eight o'clock.